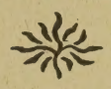
SUNG BY

MR. REINALD WERRENRATH

THREE SALT-WATER BALLADS



THE WORDS BY

JOHN MASEFIELD

THE MUSIC BY

FREDERICK KEEL

1. PORT OF MANY SHIPS
2. TRADE WINDS - Low High
3. MOTHER CAREY

PRICE 50 CENTS NET

BOOSEY & HAWKES, INC.

NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Boosey & Hawkes, Ltd.
295 Regent Street
London, W. 1

Sole Distributors, U. S. A.
BOOSEY, HAWKES, BELWIN, Inc.
43-47 WEST 23rd STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Boosey & Hawkes, (Canada) Ltd.
10 Shuter Street
Toronto

Boosey & Hawkes (Australia) Pty., Ltd.
National Building, 250 Pitt Street
Sydney

Printed in U. S. A.

TRADE WINDS

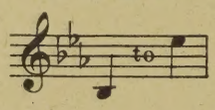
In the harbour, in the island, in the Spanish Seas,
Are the tiny white houses and the orange-trees,
And day-long, night-long, the cool and pleasant breeze
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

There is the red wine, the nutty Spanish ale,
The shuffle of the dancers, the old salt's tale,
The squeaking fiddle, and the soughing in the sail
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

And o' nights there's fire-flies and the yellow moon,
And in the ghostly palm-trees the sleepy tune
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long low croon
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

Words by
JOHN MASEFIELD.
(From "Salt-water Ballads")

No. 1 in E♭



Music by
FREDERICK KEEL.

With a smooth flowing rhythm.

VOICE.

PIANO.

In the

har - bour, in the is - land, in the Span - ish Seas, Are the

Copyright MCMXIX by Boosey & Co.

UPB

ti - ny white hous - es and the or - - ange_ trees, And

day - long, night - long, the cool and pleas - ant breeze Of the

stead - y Trade_ Winds blow - ing.

poco rall.

There is the red wine, the nut - ty Span ish

ale, The shuf - fle of the danc - ers, and the old salt's

tale, The squeak - ing fid-dle, and the sough - ing in the

sail Of the stead - y Trade Winds blow - ing.

And o'

rall.

pp

nights there's the fire - flies and the yel - - low

pp

moon, And in the ghost - ly palm - trees the

sleep - - y tune Of the qui - et voice

pp

call - ing me, the long low croon_ Of the

stead - y Trade__ Winds blow - - - - -

- - - - - - - - ing.

rall.

a tempo.

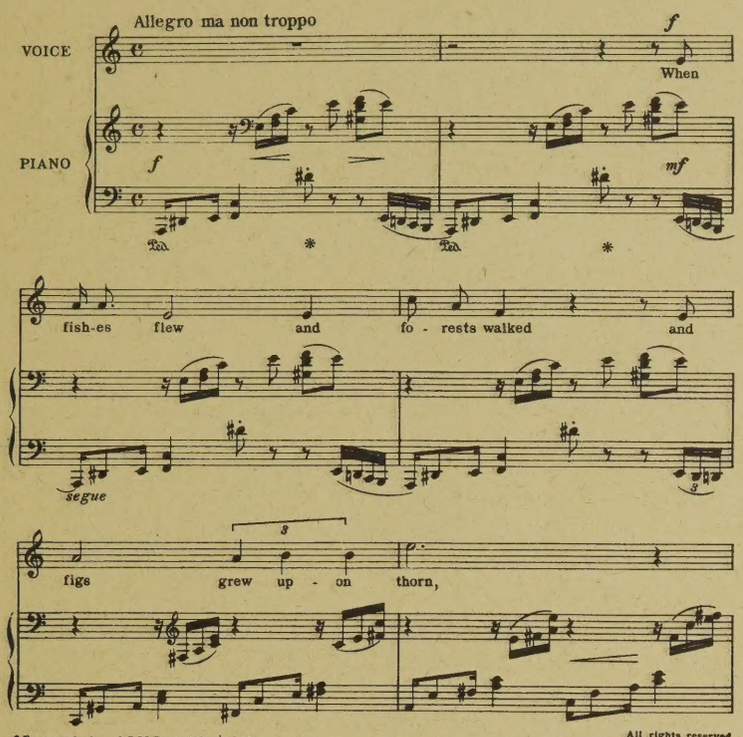
dim. e rall.

pp

THE DONKEY

Words by
*GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

Music by
RICHARD HAGEMAN



*By permission of J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

All rights reserved
Tous droits réservés
Printed in England

WINTHROP ROGERS EDITION
Copyright 1934 by Boosey & Co. Ltd.

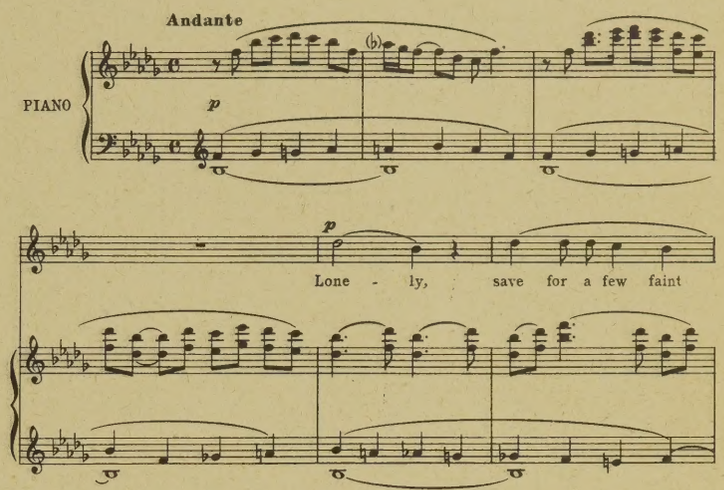
H. 14057

*THE LITTLE DANCERS

Lonely, save for a few faint stars, the sky
Dreams; and lonely, below, the little street
Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat;
And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
From a tavern-window; there, to the brisk measure
Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,
Two children, all alone and no one by,
Holding their tattered frocks, through an airy maze
Of motion lightly threaded with nimble feet
Dance sedately; face to face they gaze,
Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

*Words by
LAURENCE BINYON

Music by
RICHARD HAGEMAN



* By permission of the author, from his "Collected Poems" published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

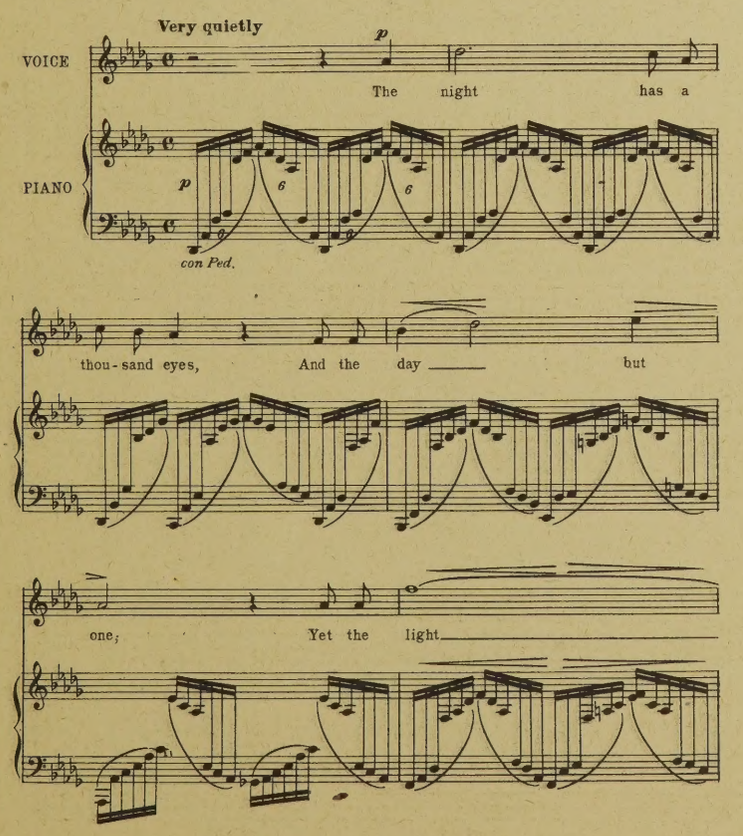
3395-5 (No. 2-High)
Copyright MCMXXXV by Boosey & Co., Ltd.

For Barbara Kliefoth

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

Words by
F. W. BOURDILLON

Music by
RICHARD HAGEMAN



3396-3
Copyright MCMXXXV by Boosey & Co., Ltd.

SIMPLE WISDOM

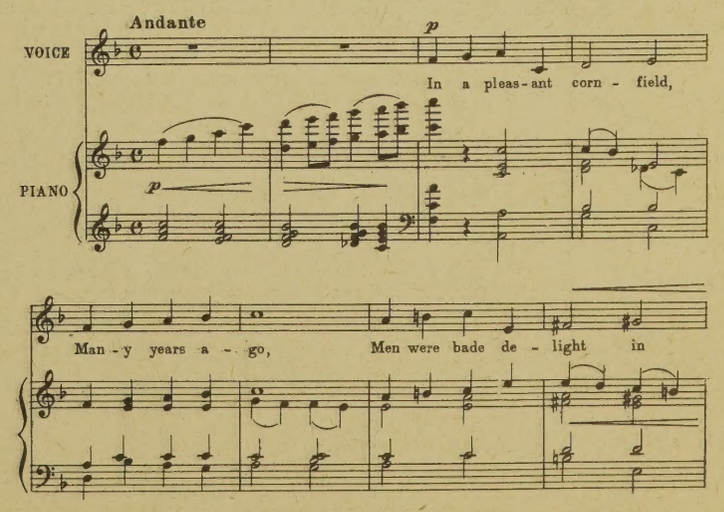
In a pleasant cornfield,
Many years ago,
Men were bade delight in
All good things that grow;
Though the stubborn-hearted
Would have said them nay—
In a pleasant cornfield
On the Sabbath day.

By a peaceful lakeside
Many years ago,
Men learned how a sower
Once went forth to sow.
Seeds of simple wisdom,
Harvests yet ungrown,
By a peaceful lakeside
In each heart were sown.

Resting on a hillside
Many years ago,
Men were bade consider
How the lilies grow.
There, amid the olives,
In the open day,
Resting on a hillside,
Men learned how to pray.

Words by
ARTHUR STANLEY

Music by
KENNEDY RUSSELL



3383-4
Copyright MCMXXXV by Boosey & Co., Ltd.

LOVE ERRANT

Love was so frail a thing,
So sweet and pale a thing,
I could not hold him;
So when he fled from me,
Fled from my dwelling, free,
Could I then scold him?

Sadly I sought him where,
Up with the lark in air,
Down mid the clover;
Swept by the summer breeze,
Fed by the honey bees,
Tarried my rover.

But still I stray alone,
Weary and woe begone,
Calling him ever;
Will he then wing his way
Back, at the close of day?
My heart says, "never."

Words by
HILDA HART

Music by
ALMA GOATLEY

Allegro, ma non troppo

PIANO

mf

Ped. with discretion

mf

Love was so frail a thing, So sweet and pale a thing,

mf

I could not hold him;

Copyright MCMXXXV by Boosey & Co., Ltd.

A WALK BY THE RIVER AT NIGHT

(CHINESE SONG)

Like a hundred hov'ring fire-flies, 'round the windows far and wide,
Paper lanterns, green or golden, burn along the river side.
Thro' the dark I hear a plashing, ever more and more remote,
Creak of oars, and wash of water, rippling round a hidden boat.
Now it fades afar, but softly on the night that else were mute,
Come the tender, plaintive pipings of a silver throated flute.
Someone plays it while they drift along beside the starry dome,
Now I know the little pleasure boat is drawing near to home.

Words paraphrased by
CLIFFORD BAX

Music by
ALMA GOATLEY

Not quick-*Happily*

PIANO

mf *mp* *mf* *mp*

mf VOICE

Like a hun-dred hov-'ring fire-flies, 'round the win-dows far and wide,

mf

Pa-per lan-terns, green or gold-en, burn a-long the riv-er

Copyright MCMXXXV by Boosey & Co., Ltd.

For Barbara Kliefoth

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

Words by
F. W. BOURDILLON

Music by
RICHARD HAGEMAN

Very quietly

VOICE

p

The night has a

PIANO

p

con Ped.

thous-and eyes, And the day but

one; Yet the light

Copyright MCMXXXV by Boosey & Co., Ltd.

To Grace Matrau

TIME OF ROSES

It was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast;
It was the time of roses,
We plucked them as we passed.
The churlish season never frowned
On early lovers yet;
O no, the world was newly crowned
With flowers when first we met.
'Twas twilight and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast:
It was the time of roses,
We plucked them when we passed.

Words by
THOMAS HOOD

Music by
GRACE MAYS

Andante moderato

mp Semplice

VOICE

It was not in the win-ter Our

PIANO

mf *p* *mp*

lov-ing lot was cast; It was the time of ros-es, We

Copyright MCMXXXII by Boosey & Co., Ltd.